

TROTT LONE GOAL BEATS OXFORD IN FEW-THRILLS TIE

By "ARGUS"

Wycombe Wanderers 1, Oxford City 0

THE opportunism of inside-right Cliff Trott enabled Wycombe Wanderers to squeeze past Oxford City into the next round of the F.A. Cup on Saturday—but it was a "near go". Oxford, shorn of three of their star players, Arthur Howlett, skipper Tony Buswell and Clive Taylor, slogged away throughout the second half and by sheer persistence merited a draw.

Trott's sixth-minute lone goal was the only forward success in a game popularly expected to be full of goals.

Instead of being a thriller, full of soccer spills and thrills, this was a hard grafting game, one of the dullest Loakes Park cup-ties since the end of the war.

Old problems still bedevil the Wanderers, who looked anything but a cup or league proposition.

LUCK'S WAY

If chances had been taken—and Oxford goalkeeper Staniland must have been wearing lucky socks on Saturday—Wycombe should have been three or four goals up at half-time and coasting home mid-way through the second half.

Bates alone contrived enough golden passes to have won the game twice over, but Trott, Howson and Rockell all muffed comparatively simple opportunities.

Equally mystifying were the antics of some of the Wanderers' defenders. There seemed little to worry about in the Oxford attack, save for brilliant little left-winger Bernard Harris, but there were some almighty flaps at times in the Wycombe goalmouth.

Ken Brown looked most unhappy, compared with the confident goalkeeper who held up the Tooting, Wimbledon and Bromley attackers, and his uncertainty seemed to plague his fellow defenders.

HESITANT

Another man with a load of problems on his shoulders was John Fisher. Hesitant to clear, Fisher could have run into real trouble with his spate of back passes.

If the absent Howlett, Oxford's pocket battle cruiser centre-forward, had been cruising in these troubled waters, the Wanderers might well have been out of the cup race.

The constructive magic of Ron Fryer warmed Wycombe hearts. His perky play certainly galvanised Jack Tomlin into an impressive comeback on the home left wing.

Jimmy Truett's volatile tackling was another good feature of the Wanderers' defence. When the impish Harris was running rings around hapless John Beck in the second half, Truett came to the rescue more than once with a prompt interception.

BAD MOVE

Oxford, flickering phantoms of the great side which beat Wycombe earlier in the season, virtually lost the game when they switched right-winger Tony Bricknell to centre-forward.

Tantalising Tony was a toothless tiger against the hefty Fisher and could never get into the game. By the time he changed places with the powerfully-built Allen, late in the second half, City had lost their chance.

Sweet football by the Wanderers shattered Oxford's defence in the first five minutes. Bates, smooth and calculating after his Barking goal spree, twice slipped pivot Jackson and slid the ball temptingly across the goalmouth. The first chance went unheeded, but Trott's toe converted the second.

Trott might have had a second, after Howson and Tomlin had sent him trundling through, but he couldn't blast the ball with his right foot.

Oxford pressed steadily but the greatest threat to the Wycombe goal came from reckless back-passing. Rockell first-timed a Bates pass miles wide of goal when a moment's target-assessing might have paid rich dividends, and Brown had to make a frantic leap to prevent the City from equalising.

EVAPORATED

Once their early mastery had evaporated, Wycombe were a changed side. As the confidence and poise melted away Oxford plodded on grimly and the pattern was much the same in the second half, gradual tension for the home goal, a steady succession of missed chances for the Wanderers.

A wild drive by Howson ruined the best movement of the match, after Bates had sent Rockell flying down the wing; Trott—minus one football boot—kept on moving for a much nearer miss and Bates forced a glorious save by Staniland in the closing minutes.

These were the Wycombe highlights. For Oxford, unlucky losers on the balance of play, the delightful footwork of ball-artist Bernard Harris must be their happiest memory of this disappointing game.

Trott hits Wycombe winner

Wycombe 1, Oxford C. 0

WYCOMBE WANDERERS beat their Isthmian League rivals, Oxford City, by packing nearly all their tricks into the first 10 minutes and the last 10.

Their dashing start gave them the only goal of this F.A. Cup fourth qualifying round tie, when inside-right Cliff Trott swept up a pass from centre-forward Bates to score five minutes after the start.

The early goal sparked home hopes of a runaway win. But the hopes were soon punctured by breezy Oxford. Although they were without their star men centre-forward Howlett and centre-half Buswell, Oxford often had the home defence in trouble.

Left-winger Harris led many a promising raid and Bernard Allen, in his first senior game, showed a willing turn of speed on the other flank.

But Tony Bricknell, who had taken Howlett's place in the middle, was too well marked to be very effective, and later in the game he moved back to his old right-wing position with Allen leading the attack.

Both sides were erratic in their finishing, but the swift end to end play brought plenty of thrills.

Goalkeeper Staniland and the close-marking Oxford defence improved steadily after their shaky start and kept the home forwards well at bay.

Although there was no slackening in their hectic pace, Wycombe declined as Oxford improved and they were a little lucky to be still ahead at half time.

It was not until the closing stages that Wycombe managed to recover something of their early promising form.

Then with enterprising centre-forward Paul Bates leading a series of all-out attacks the agile Staniland saved Oxford.

He made one brilliant save from Bates and threw himself at the feet of several forwards to clear a goal-mouth scramble.

On another occasion Staniland brought the biggest roar of the match when he felled a remarkable solo run by Trott who fired in a great shot after hopping half the length of the field wearing only one boot.